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The lapse of a few months will be sufficient to establish WORCESTER'S DICTIONARY as the acknowledged standard of reference among the scholars of England and America.—*London Literary Gazette, Feb.* 11, 1860.

Letters of similar purport have been received from the following eminent English philologers, viz. CHARLES RICHARDSON, the venerable author of *Richardson's Dictionary.* HERBERT COLERIDGE, SEC. Philological Society, RICHARD C. TRENCH, B. H. SMART, and also from REV. DR. BOSWORTH, Prof. Anglo-Saxon at Oxford University, who says:

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HOW THEY DO IT.

Many of our readers must have been puzzled by the notices which are displayed, from time to time, in the windows of certain variety shops in Broadway, setting forth such announcements as—"Large assortment of Japanese fans, just arrived by Pony Express"—"Look out for Panama Hats, expected hourly by Pony Express!" Probably not more than one in ten of our lady friends, by whom Japanese fans and other knick-knacks are now looked upon as absolutely *en règle*, have ever given away as much as one small thought to the poor pony of the plains by which these dry goods are hurried across the desert to be laid at their pretty little feet. Honor to whom honor is due; and we hasten to inform them that the contrivance to which they owe the earliest of their cherished Japanese *chiffons*, in advance of the regular packets, is the offspring of the brain of an inspired and otherwise remarkable Counter-jumper, whose name, we have the pleasure of stating, is SMITHERWICK. It is simply an ingenious adaptation of the "Columbian collapsing rib skirt," the upper hoop of which rests upon the shoulders of the express rider, while upon the lower peripheries are piled band-boxes, bales of goodies, cases of unutterable delights in vegetable-work, and *rouleaux* of tender things enveloped in rice paper. Strings, passed through a ring on the crown of a stiff hat worn by the rider, keep all t ght and secure. Through the activity of our ubiquitous artist, we are enabled to present our readers with a sketch of MR. SMITHERWICK'S invention several weeks in advance of the heavy illustrated Press.

THE PONY EXPRESS.

A WORD TO REPORTERS.

Ye men of "Local" quills fall into many carelessnesses of expression in their paragraphs. There is one, which we meet with constantly—so constantly that we should think the journals all kept the phrase "set up" for use—and which is, not to put too fine a point on it—enigmatical. It is this: speaking of the result of accidents by falls, run-overs, etc, the Reporter concludes with the consoling (?) information that the victim is seriously injured, "*but is not considered dangerous.*" Now, were the case one of hydrophobia this would be eminently clear and satisfactory. But referring to broken or bruised limbs, we confess we are somewhat in doubt as to its relevancy. Pray explain, Messrs. Reportorial Corps, in what manner a crushed hod-carrier or mangled railway victim is apt to become "*dangerous*" as a consequence of his injuries? And to whom will he be "*dangerous?*" Also in what species of danger will he be prone to place whomsoever he becometh "*dangerous*" unto? Likewise, if possible, give a hint how those exposed to the *dangerous* proclivities of the injured man, may escape the peril? Pray do!

The Tribune's New Guide to Places of Amusement.

Under the head of "Amusements" in last Monday's *Tribune* we notice a call for a meeting of the "Republican Central Committee," signed "JOHN. A. KENNEDY, Chairman, JOHN KEYSER, Vice Chairman, HARVEY L. CLEVELAND and JOHN W. OLSEN, Secretaries. These gentlemen may be very mirthful in their way, but their names do not inspire us with such hilarious thoughts as others' figuring in the same column, those of MRS. JOHN WOOD, and MR. JOSEPH JEFFERSON, for instance. The *Tribune* people, are of course, entitled to their own idea of diversion, but we fear that before the Campaign is over the meeting of a Republican Committee will not be such a source of amusement as it is now considered.

VERMIFUGITIVE VERSES.

How sweet it is to lie at ease
As daylight fades to dark,
Beneath the tall ailanthus trees
That fringe our City Park!

To feel the caterpillars big
Their swaying forms propel,
Down dropping from each leaf and twig
By cords invisible.

While to the mind odd thoughts arise,
How preachers do affirm
Unto meek flocks with sleepy eyes,
That "Man is but a Worm."

And then sweet fancy whispers, "True,
Yet none so fitly can
Within that aphorism fall
As our own Alder-Man.

"Who on each branch of jobbery
Industriously squirms,
Until of every leaf the tree
Is stripped, as if by worms.

"And O! each one of such to see
For us it would be well,
Suspended from a strong-limbed tree
By cord quite visible."

Well Meant but not all Advisable.

A SOUVENIR OF THE COMMON COUNCIL.—Some considerate friend has sent us a souvenir of one of the members of the Corporation in the shape of a very dirty tobacco box filled with very rich tobacco, and elegantly inscribed (with a pin, apparently)——"Councilman of the——the ward; Feb. 7, 1860"—which was picked up in an omnibus. The driver suggests that we should not return it to the owner except on the pledge that he will not use its contents, until after the departure of the Japanese Embassy, We hold it subject to the terms of redemption —*Herald.*

The driver knows a thing or two, but we know one worth several more. The box must be returned to the owner at once, as justice to this fearfully taxed community demands that Mr BENNETT relinquish it without any stipulation whatever. If he does not there will be an appropriation passed to purchase the Councilman a new one valued at $500. Pray don't hold on to the box another minute, BENNETT "an' thou lovest us."

What ho! Schoolmaster!

Last week the *Herald* said, editorially, that the Japanese would "receive a grand reception. This is a novel event". It is very novel indeed—"receiving a reception!" We verily believe a belief that had the editor uttered this simple sentence during his school days (if he had any) he would have received the reception of a strap, and been whipped with a whipping until he cried with a cry.

Are we Right?

"Equally absurd is the pig without a tail and the man without a beard. If your beard won't grow, my Onguent will force it to in six weeks, and won't stain or injure the skin."

Very good! We presume like results obtain if the pig's tail won't grow. Eh?

We are authorised to give an express denial to the rumor that any serious misunderstanding has taken place between MRS. HOEY and her manager, MR. WALLACK: the gravest difference being that the lady has sported a COUPÉ while the gentleman has kept a BROUGHAM.

A WEEK OF EXCITEMENTS.

WE have just passed thro' a week of the strongest excitements imaginable. The excitements were simple and compound, singular and plural, odd and even, and all that, and two or three more besides.

A warning speck of the great times that were approaching was visible as long ago as last week; we at once summoned our elegant reportorial corps and demanded volunteers to take notes of the coming events. The elegant reportorial corps shook in its seven pairs of shoes and turned seven pales in its faces, but not a volunteer stepped forward. We flashed a burning look of anger from our fiery eye, and the elegant reportorial corps was consumed on the spot. Not a trace of it remained. Another and seven times more elegant reportorial corps was ordered to be made expressly for the occasion. The order was fulfilled. We selected the handsomest man and told him to report the ladies; we took the funniest and told him to report TOMMY; we drew forth the wisest and bade him report SIMMI-BOOJSEN; we discovered the most idiotic and ordered him to spread himself on BOOLE; we observed the blind one and requested him to look after POLYPHEMUS WOOD; the remaining two we commanded to overhaul the GREAT EASTERN. The corps bowed and vanished.

Our mandates were obeyed. The reports began coming in on Saturday at twelve o'clock M., and have continued to arrive every five minutes thereafter until the present moment. We print them exactly in the order of their arrival, as we think this arrangement will greatly add to their interest.

REPORT FOR THE WEEK.

The ladies are in a state of excitement bordering on despair. They are fairly wild about TOMMY. A duel was fought this morning between MISS C. of Twenty-Third-street and MISS. Q. of Murray Hill. The ground selected was in front of STEWART'S establishment. Both fell mortally wounded after the first fire. The cause of the difficulty was an assertion made by MISS Q. to the effect that the GREAT EASTERN was a bigger event than TOMMY.

TOMMY has arrived. He is seated on top of one of the smoke-stacks of the steamboat. SIMMI-BOOJSEN is ordering him to come down. TOMMY writes a phonetic reply with both hands on the end of his nose. SIMMI thinks, "Oh! won't I tickle you when we get back!" and says "Don't fall TOMMY. Be very careful and I'll let you stay there one minute more."

There is no news of the GREAT EASTERN yet. She falls due at one of the Newfoundland Banks to-morrow.

The Japanese are not made of India Rubber.

BOOLE is walking around the Battery on his head, and says everybody is tight.

WOOD insists that the Japanese and GREAT EASTERN shall prostrate themselves at his feet, in token of submission. Policeman orders WOOD off the grass. WOOD refuses to budge. Two-thirds of a riot is expected between them. The Seventh Regiment are assembling at their armory, to be ready to march at a moment's warning.

The procession has moved. The excitement increases. The reporters are rapidly going mad. Ladies are everywhere. Japanese are nowhere. The GREAT EASTERN is coming. The bands are playing. TOMMY has just kissed a little girl, who is trying to wipe the kiss out. The Embassy is in a sound slumber. The NO-KAMIS are snoring in Japanese. Intense excitement. TOMMY endeavors to kiss another young lady, but fails. The Japanese are quartered in their Hotel. Broadway is in convulsions. Women are perfectly frantic.

An officer has just arrested a lady for paying her stage fare seventeen times. The driver is to appear as witness against her. All the people who were in third story windows and on roofs have jumped into the street. A great many hats belonging to the crowd below have been injured.

Everybody is studying Japanese. All the tea stores and groceries are turned into school-rooms. One man mastered the language in eight minutes and a half.

All the Americans now speak Japanese fluently. Some of the Embassy have learned Irish, mistaking it for English. The Japanese are under the impression that the GREAT EASTERN is the Tycoon, coming to look after them. TOMMY, it is said, has been accepted by thirty-eight thousand young ladies, who are now preparing for the wedding ceremony. His lips are much swollen from constant exertion in kissing. It is feared he will have to be removed to the Hospital. The GREAT EASTERN has not yet arrived. It is now reported that she has. It is now reported that she has not. There is only one woman in the city who has not seen the Japanese, and she is blind.

Shop keepers have taken down their signs and had new ones, painted in Oriental characters, put up. The GREAT EASTERN has not yet arrived.

o o o o o o o o

The reportorial corps was now brought in in small parcels, completely used up by their arduous labors. Those who were appointed to overhaul the GREAT EASTERN, swam nine times down to Sandy Hook, but failed to see her.

Of the idiotic reporter nothing but his teeth remained. The blind one had his eyes opened in a most alarming manner. Two or three buttons, an eye-lash, and an empty pocket-pistol were all that could be found of the rest. A new staff is, however, being formed, and business will be resumed as soon as possible. If the end of the week comes before Saturday we shall issue an Extra.

THE DRAMA IN BOSTON.

We have received from our Theatrical Correspondent in Boston, the absorbing intelligence that THE BOSTON ACADEMY OF MUSIC has again become THE BOSTON THEATRE. The following attractive Bill of Performance will be repeated until further notice:

BOSTON THEATRE.

(LATE ACADEMY OF MUSIC.)

ADMISSION, TO ALL PARTS OF THE HOUSE, FREE, WITH A BONUS OF ONE SHILLING TO EVERY VISITOR!

This, and Every Evening, until Further Notice, will be performed the Tragedy of

TO BE LET!

DUN BROWN, - - - - - - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

After which,

THE RENT DAY.

MARTIN HEYWOOD, - - - - - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

After which,

THE USED UP MAN.

USED UP MAN, - - - - - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

TO CONCLUDE WITH

A GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTION

of Certificates of Stock in the Theatre to all who are willing to receive them.

GRATUITOUS DISTRIBUTOR, - - - - - - Mr. T. Barry.

As this affords the polished people of Boston an opportunity of making something handsome by visiting the Theatre, we suppose we may congratulate HONEST OLD TOM BARRY upon a delightful prospect of CROWDED HOUSES.

Antediluvian.

In view of the antiquity and fossiliferous nature of the new daily called *The World*, VANITY FAIR suggests that its name be altered to "The World before the flood."

To Welshmen.

Is not the ship that brings the Prince of Wales to Canada bound as a national compliment to be Leeky?

"How to Get Rid of the Pennies."

Buy VANITY FAIR with them, of course!

THERE!

GENTLEMAN of undoubted veracity" has informed *the Dallas* (Texas) *Herald* that a bull frog was recently slain in that vicinity, measuring eighteen inches across the shoulders, and over two feet and a half long. His voice was terrific, his enormous eyes protruded three inches, and he could leap beyond the conception of the most extravagant. This may be true, but the appearance of that "gentleman of undoubted veracity" is always a suspicious circumstance.—*Tribune.*

MR. VANITY FAIR, please put that in your paper, and, right after it, this.

The editor of the *Tribune* is an unadulterated fool of the first water. That bull frog story is true every inch of it. What's more there were two bull frogs, and one of them was painted red with blue spangles, and wore a diamond pin in his bosom. My husband saw them both with his own eyes, and I've seen my husband. If the editor of the *Tribune* don't want to see my husband, also, as well as an exhibition of countless stars, he had better not deny the truth of our assertions again. Very energetically yours,

THE GENTLEMAN-OF-UNDOUBTED-VERACITY'S WIFE.

THE UNWORLDLY WORLD.

"But, O World! thou art not that World of grandeur and of light. Thou art confusion and chaos!"—MICHELET.

Thursday, the 14th of June, 1860, was a great day. On that auspicious and agreeable date, we made one of the greatest antiquarian discoveries ever recorded. We were rummaging in the alcoves of the Megatherium Library, to see if we could find EDWARD EVERETT's first oration on WASHINGTON, when we came across a musty and ancient paper—an elderly and fossil paper—a very mummy of a paper, that breathed Pre-Adamitical and Old Red Sandstone venerability in every line. This paper was headed, in antique letters, *The World;* and the sight of it made us feel strangely modern.

Eagerly did we turn its time-stained pages; eagerly did we peruse its faded hieroglyphics. It was historically comic to see the quaint ideas of journalism possessed by our early ancestry. They were pious. They were old fogy. They were anti-progressive. And they seem, also, to have been idiotic.

With the enterprise that has ever characterised VANITY FAIR, we made copious selections from this fossil sheet, in order that our readers might learn what journalism was, In The Beginning. The copy we then found, was the first number, and contained a statement of principles, which was indeed extraordinary. More than extraordinary. Witness this assertion, which would have done credit to Captain BUNSBY, himself, and driven Poor RICHARD insane with delight:

"The first business of every press is to be true to itself—true to its own conscience. It must have a conscience, or else not have a character; and if no character no influence."

Without conscience we are told by this religiously facetious journal a paper can have no character and no influence! How about the *Tribune*, *Herald*, and *Times*? Ah, how our leading dailies give the lie to this statement of the ancients! Stick to your principles and conscience! cries the mummied voice of the past. Never change! The principles that satisfied King RAMSES' subjects must satisfy President BUCHANAN's constituents. If we are Hard-Shell Baptists, or Sensation Abolitionists, or Free-Lovers, or what-not, to-day, so let us be to the end of time, whenever that is. Ditto in politics. If we supported JACKSON, in his day, on principle, let us emulate the pious Pennsylvania Dutchman, and support him now, for a paper must "be true to itself—true to its own conscience." This statement of principles terminates with these words:

"As a new comer we give a friendly hand to those already in the field, and pass to our work."

How very grateful "those already in the field" must have felt!

It is peculiarly interesting to learn that one of our discoveries, supposed to have been somewhat modern, was known at even the early period when the *World* was published. The cheerful fossil has this remark, in an article on intemperance—probably a vice of the era:

"There can be no doubt that the principle settled in this decision covers lager beer, for in this latitude it is known to be intoxicating."

As nearly as we can remember, the question, "Will lager intoxicate?" was settled some seven years ago, after much discussion. The *World* shows that it was one of the problems that first occupied the then somewhat vacant mind of man. Another leading article relates to a religious revival, or "resuscitation of religion," which went on for seventy years without ever having been heard of by anybody except the editors of this rare old sheet, who make the following dreadful threat:

"It will be one of the principal aims of the conductors of *The World* to record the proofs that 'the great resuscitation of religion' which the distinguished Frenchman, (GUIZOT,) affirmed, a quarter of a century ago, to be the grand desideratum of the age, is in actual progress, and has been for nearly seventy years. We purpose to lay before our readers something on this subject in every day's issue."

No doubt, this revival of seventy years' standing, was a great thing at the time, but its memory has long been lost "in the mists of hoar antiquity," and we of the nineteenth century, know nothing about it.

Apparently, the science of grammar was not invented at the time the *World* began—at least, we should judge so from this wild sentence, which occurs in the temperance article above quoted:

"Another, and a later decision—which we publish in another column, three months in advance of Reports—*fermented drinks*, ale, beer, etc., are determined to be within the scope of the Excise Act of 1857."

That "another and later decision" "fermented drinks," is strange. It must have been a custom of the country. Now-a-days, later decisions are apt to ferment quarrels, instead. The allusion to anything so recent as an act of 1857, rather puzzles us, but all the dates in the paper seem very confused. Even the head date itself, by some curious error, is 1860, and the place of publication is set down as being in Park Row, which we had always considered rather a modern locality. There is nothing in the way of matter, however, in this relic, that bears upon any recent affairs in the slightest manner.

In the foreign correspondence (a very ancient institution) we find a remarkable statement, that leads us to think the reading mind to have been differently constituted, anciently, from ours of to-day. Otherwise, this would have been simple nonsense—very simple nonsense indeed:

"The great constitutional battle of which I advised you in my last, has ended in the triumph of the Peers."

How the *first number* of a paper could have been informed of anything by a letter in a previous number, passes the understanding of VANITY FAIR. We sincerely hope that the statement was not as absurd at that time as at present.

Book-reviews seem to have existed, after a fashion, but only of old works, at the date of this publication. New books were never reviewed prior to the close of the twelfth century. The *World* contains notices of two long-forgotten books by an ancient writer named MICHELET, with whose words we have appropriately headed this article. In one of these reviews, this strange theory is advanced with all gravity:

"True love, even that of the sexes, in its ideal purity, as a subjective feeling, whose very nature it is to annihilate individual selfishness, has only been known among Christian nations."

From this, it would seem that the passion of love has only existed Eighteen Hundred and Sixty years, and then only on a comparatively small portion of this particular planet. That is bad for other folks. We are sorry. All the old stories of HERO and LEANDER, of CEPHALUS and PROCRIS, of PYRAMUS and THISBE, must go for nought, according to the dictum of this musty journal. They can mean nothing. These touching and noble legends of ideal love, always held as symbols of a holy passion, are either senseless or bestial! Ah, we are very glad we did not live in the distant and ludicrous age when the *World* was a power in the land!

Cest l'amour, l'amour &c.

"TOMMY," said a young lady in Washington the other day, "is such a love that he must have been born on the banks of the Amoor."

THE GAME OF THE SOCIABLE SNAKE.

THE Common Council of New York, last Saturday, resolved itself into a Snake, a Sociable Snake, of which his Foolishness BOOLE was the head, and VAN TINE the tail.

The Snake uncoiled Itself from Its resting place in the City Hall, and "dragged Its slow length along" down to the Battery. There It embarked, not indeed after the usual manner of Sea-Serpents, but on board the Steamboat Alida. The latter bore It away to the far off wilds of New Jersey. There the Sociable Snake fixed Itself up to look as smiling as possible (quite after the manner of the old original reptile of Eden) and patiently laid in wait for Its prey. Its prey arrived, sure enough, unsuspecting as our Mother Eve, (a lady of some little celebrity,) was before making the acquaintance of the above-mentioned reptile. Its Snakeship grinned inwardly, and metaphorically smacked Its lips. "Ah! ha! ha! What a jolly feast I shall have!" said Snake, "Them's the fellows for me! Eat the whole seventy-two of 'em in less than no time!" And Snake grew stout at the very thought of Its expected repast.

But the sequel demonstrated that Snake had got too many days in Its week, had, in fact, concluded to dine without any dinner, or to be more classical, had enumerated Its chickens in advance of incubation.

There was an object in a blue navy cap, and of a you-can't-humbug-me style of make, that planted a very heavy boot on the bridge of Snake's back, which caused It to go through a whole exhibition of gymnastics, quite rivalling the performances of the celebrated contortionist, late of NIBLO'S. When the foot was raised, Snake swelled with wrath, and—well, It didn't do anything in particular, but made a fool of Itself generally. The Japanese didn't notice It at all, and didn't seem to feel the least regret because of Its sore disappointment. The Game of the Sociable Snake was wound up very soon by CAPTAIN DUPONT—it was.

Superfluous.

In MR. NIXON'S advertisement of his "Midsummer Entertainments," we read that "the stage of the theatre is set as a beautiful garden scene (painted by MR. JOHN THORNE) and adorned with flowers." This is all very well, but we cannot see the necessity of mentioning this particular artist's name in connection with any piece of floral scenery, since it is patent to the meanest understanding that "There is no Rose without a Thorne."

Honors Easy.

"Yachtsmen do not cheat each other like people on the turf, or cut the ropes when they see the eagle of victory perching over a rival's masthead."—*Herald.*

Oh no! not at all! By no means! Never! Nobody ever heard of Plum Gut, of course!

PIOUS CRIMINALS.

The recent Religious and Reformatory Society Anniversaries showed that the cause of Theology, if not the cause of Religion, was never more prosperous than in the year 1859. Nearly all the pious sects and societies were in a very flourishing condition. Their treasuries were plethoric, their parsons sleek and fat, and even the provincial brethren could afford clean neckcloths of the snowiest lawn. The only societies that had not prospered were those that had allowed a large and musky negro to ensconce himself within their fence—a fence made, in part at least of the historical rails split by Honest Old Two-Shilling ABE. The nigger proved a source of great dissension, and finally split the organizations that harbored him, as effectually as ABE had split the rails; in consequence whereof, fortune and success had ceased to wait upon the disputatious ones.

Still, in the aggregate, theology was thriving, and its stock was a long way above par. The good old ladies of Orange and Herkimer were in a state of mild and well-regulated jubilee, the parsons ate, drank, and cracked jokes of an antique period, and everybody said it wasn't such a dreadful bad world, after all.

Just now we have lying before us certain statistics, purporting to exhibit the condition of New York State as regards Crime in 1859, very inefficiently reported by the clerks of our criminal courts of record, according to an act passed in 1839. These figures, though lacking in fullness and perfection, through the carelessness of the said clerks, still show an interesting degre of naughtiness among us, spite of our great theological successes. Indeed, with all due deference, we may say that religion and crime seem to thrive together, uncommonly well, in these days of sensation sermons and rhetorical prayer. A curious fact comes out, here. Out of Eighteen thousand and Twenty individuals of both sexes, convicted of Assault and Battery, Vagrancy, Petit Larceny, Drunkness and Disorderly Conduct within the year, Twelve Thousand Nine Hundred and Forty-five—or nearly two-thirds of the whole number, had had Religious Instruction!" It isn't such a dreadfully good world after all!

Now, we should like to ask the gentlemen with the snowy neckcloths what these figures mean. What has been the practical result of all the sermons, the collections, the exhortations, the revivals, the examples, and the other "labors" so gushingly talked about at the late anniversary-meetings? It looks as if "religious instruction," as now administered, had but a very slight moral effect, doesn't it? And we should really be pleased to know what effect it was intended to have, if not a moral one?

It is a pity that the clerks of the courts of record had not been a little more explicit, and reported not only the number of criminals whose piety had been cultivated, but the number of parsons themselves, who had been guilty of crime—or of getting caught at it. From a reasonably careful course of newspaper reading during the year, we have reason to think that the derelict divines would make a pretty strong army in New York State alone. We have long suspected that these careful and gentlemanly shepherds, who enfold the lambs of their flocks so tenderly, were only human, like most other folks, and therefore fallible. It is somewhat to be doubted if their unctuous words alone can prevent hungry men from stealing, lazy men from begging, angry men from fighting, or weak-minded men from getting drunk. Furthermore, we fear that very little effort is made in this direction. A fat salary and a wide popularity seem to be the things for which the parson of to-day hankers unceasingly; so he dodges all dangerous questions of practical import, and devotes himself to flattering, smoothing over, pacifying, and generally coddling up his opulent parishioners, waxing adipose and florid, courteous and useless, the while.

It is time that the people, who pay millions on millions, annually, for the support of religious institutions, should know a little something about the destination of their money. If such institutions do really make the world better, as is claimed, let us learn how. If, on the contrary, their labors and expenditures only go to produce such schedule items as the following, *cui bono?* Why not put the time and money to some really useful purpose?

	Assault and Battery	*Vagrancy*	*Petit Larceny*	*Drunk and Disorderly*	*Disorderly Conduct*	*Total*
Had religious instruction	967	2,946	1,107	6,822	1,010	12,546
Never had	236	1,169	395	2,666	213	4,772
Unknown	181	—	122	—	—	303

We can assure the AMINIDAB SLEEKS and the JACOB HARDENS of the community, that the Dear Public will not always go on being satisfied to learn, every Spring, that the societies are rich, and the parsons getting fat.

MIGHTY MODERATE.

HARMED is VANITY FAIR to observe in Southern regions the advance of sound sentiment—not of sound and sentiment, which is quite another affair. VANITY FAIR is not displeased, when one MORGAN, of Alabama, exclaims: "If I had the power, I would dissolve this Union in two minutes." Mark first the unexpected admission of the manly MORGAN that he "has not the power," which, of itself, is evidence of returning reason. Mark, too, his tender kindliness in admitting that if he had the power to smite, smash and sever, he would still accord to us "two minutes'" grace. An ungenerous man would have said "two moments." An angry man would have said "two seconds." A furious man would have said "in the twinkling of a bed-post," or "in a jiffy," or "in no time at all," wher as the magnanimous MORGAN vouchsafes "two minutes" or, "one hundred and twenty seconds," which is, comparatively, a little eternity. May you continue, O mighty MR. MORGAN, when you get the power, to draw it equally mild. Leave us the consolation of hoping, O, MORGAN, mild and mighty, that even after we are totally at your mercy, you will consent to prolong our existence, for five minutes and thirty seconds.

But MORGAN is not the first human being who has stumbled and sprawled at that ugly little word "if." Those small letters alone prevent all beggars from changing their wishes into so many FLORA TEMPLES, and from trotting to Tophet in less than Alabama MORGAN'S "two minutes." If this MORGAN donkey had the power, he would command his own ears to be short; his bray to become a neigh; he would discard thistles and munch oats. Instead of being a MORGAN ass, he would change himself into a MORGAN horse; whereas no possible curry-combing, even by our own skilful hands, can make him anything better than a MORGAN mule.

One half Found and the other half Wanted.

"We have it in our power this morning, upon the authority of MILLARD FILLMORE himself, to announce to Whigs, Democrats, Republicans, and all the rest of mankind that he will support JOHN BELL, of Tennessee."
—*Buffalo Paper.*

Now the next thing to know is who JOHN SMITH will support, and then every one can tell to a certainty who will be our next President. Isn't it so?

Sport-ive Joke of a Londoner.

PEORIAN JUST ARRIVED IN L.—"Which is the 'crack' hotel here, stranger?"

FACETIOUS COCKNEY IN "BIRD'S EYE" CRAVAT. "Crack 'otel, eh? A-w 'Mawleys,' I fancy; haw! haw! haw!"

TO THE TRUSTEES OF THE FOURTH WARD SCHOOLS.

Do you know what country you live in? Do you know what the Constitution of the United States is? Do you know what are the rights and privileges which that instrument accords to every citizen of this Republic?

Do you know that you have disgraced yourselves and outraged the rights of others? Do you know that *All persons are free and equal* in the eye of the Constitution? Do you know that in matters of religious belief the same liberty that you enjoy is, in this country, allowed to your neighbors?

Do you know that the State laws forbid your appointing persons related to any one of yourselves to positions in the Public Schools? If you do not know these few simple facts, you are fools—if you do know them and have acted wilfully in defiance of them you are an unscrupulous set, and unworthy to be called American citizens. Who gives you authority to dismiss a young lady from her post as a teacher, *because* she is a Protestant? Who gives you power to fill the place thus vacated by appointing the niece of one of your number, *because* she is a Catholic? Suppose that Jews were to occupy your places as Trustees for awhile. Suppose that they should dismiss Mr. O'REILEY'S niece and elevate in turn a Jewess to the post? You would not find fault of course! You wouldn't rally around the rum-holes of Cherry and Water Street, and hold indignation meetings, and talk about your rights as citizens being outraged, and offer to get up a riot and, when you were spilling over with whiskey, vow vengeance against the "bloody Jews and thaving hounds!" would you? You would do nothing of the sort, would you? You would have too much respect for yourselves as Irishmen, wouldn't you? You would have too much regard for yourselves as American citizens, wouldn't you? You wouldn't degrade yourselves by disgracing your religion in this way, would you? You think too much of your Church ever to bring scandal upon her by your acts, don't you? You can roll up the white of your eyes any day in the year and swear that you meet your obligations to her as devout Catholics, can't you? You raise her in the eyes of the world by your edifying lives, don't you?

Now have the goodness to bear in mind that folks who live in glass houses should not throw stones at their neighbors.

Have the sense to know that two wrongs will never make a right.

Have the frankness to acknowledge that you stand in need of a little education yourselves in piety, in gentlemanly behavior, and very likely in reading, writing and arithmetic.

Own up at once that you are better politicians than you are Catholics.

When your rights are infringed upon defend them in a manly, straightforward way, but bear in mind that it is your duty not to trespass on the privileges of others. Above all, do try to get up enough honorable feeling in your breasts to prevent your ever again venting your spleen on unoffending young women. Now go and behave yourselves.

Yours, etc.

THE AMERICAN PEOPLE.

Why we gave it up.

With that devotion which ever characterizes the Editors of VANITY FAIR, we, last week, condemned ourselves to the study of the Japanese dialect. At our very first lesson we found that the Japanese word "Ohio" is equivalent to our salutation "How do you do?" On further investigation, however, we ascertained that "Indiana" does not stand for "Lend me a quarter," nor "Illinois" for "What will you take to drink?" We at once, and very naturally, became disgusted with the inconsistencies of the language of SIMMI BOOJSEN and won't learn it now at any price.

About the Size of It.

The English papers, after all, have a better appreciation of the value of some of our great men than we ourselves have. The Manchester *Times* says: "The Baltimore Union Convention had nominated Messrs. BELL and EVERETT for the Presidency." Evidently, our English cousins see that both of these gentleman together, were only equivalent to one candidate. We suggest that the Union ticket be remodelled on this principle, with BELL and EVERETT for President, and SYLVANUS COBB and MRS. E. D. E. N. SOUTHWORTH for Vice-President.

No Wonder.

A member of the "Old Gentlemen's Party," who stationed himself on the corner of 35th street and 5th avenue, in the hope of seeing the Japanese on Saturday last, is extremely disgusted at the reception: he says the procession didn't Come Up to his expectations at all.

The Reason Why.

The Alderman refused an appropriation for laying out Morris Park, doubtless fearing that contrary to all custom, the work might be done On the Square.

A NICE MAN FOR THE ST. GEORGE'S!

(GREENHORN *has been hit in the face by bowler, and, of course, knocks down his stumps. Opposite side cries "Out."*)

GREENHORN. (*who thinks they allude to his eye*) IF IT'S OUT, I'LL SUE 'EM FOR DAMAGES!

A NEW MARTYR.

There are many persons who aim at martyrdom. They seem to consider self-immolation a very good thing to do, whether for a good cause or no cause at all. Mr. REDPATH was one of these, until he began to run some little risk, when he suddenly found that he hadn't time to be martyred. Mrs. GOVE NICHOLS was one of them, and used to write a great many letters to the *Tribune*, to say that she was persecuted and that she washed herself a good deal. More lately—alas, that we should have to mention him in such company!—† JOHN HUGHES has come out in favor of martyrdom, all at once, and is awfully anxious for "a prison," or even a "scaffold," rather than the thing shouldn't go on.

Some years ago there was a very sensible law passed requiring all clergymen to record the marriages they superintended, and to report them annually, to the proper authorities. In many divorce cases, or property suits, these records have proved quite important as evidence, where no marriage certificate could be found.

No doubt, † JOHN acknowledges the value of this law, as fully as anybody, but he *will* be a martyr if it kills him, and here is his first chance. A polite note from the City Inspector, requesting him to report the marriages he had solemnized, and enclosing a copy of the act, met with a mild but firm refusal on the part of the aspirant for martyrdom. He said that he had often to "remedy privately the evils which the corruption of morals might have entailed, so far as any remnant of private conscience is concerned on the part of the delinquents," but that he will never, except in the character of a first-class martyr, "betray these or similar weaknesses of fallen human nature!"

Now, we know that matrimony is apt to be considered a terrible thing by old bachelors, but really † JOHN is a little too severe on the institution. He is worse than Dr. LAZARUS, and that is saying a good deal. That † JOHN should assist erring couples to atone for the sin, in some measure, by solemnizing marriages between them, is right, but that he should consider such marriages as too great evidences of the weakness of "fallen human nature" to be made public, is certainly going farther than even the FOURIERITES of the *Tribune* and the Unitary Home would go, openly.

In the second letter, † JOHN makes a high bid for "the purple crown of martyrdom," by informing the City Inspector that he does not claim any immunity from the penalties of the law, and virtually invites that gentleman and the Corporation Counsel to do their darndest. The next thing, we shall see the gentle Archbishop standing before the Court, and crying like STEPHEN H. BRANCH, on a similar occasion: "Drag your victim to his dungeon!" Ah, † JOHN, why must you be a martyr?

A Distinction with a Difference.

The *Herald* says that the Northern politicians see the germ of dissolution, in the tendency toward division in the late Convention. Where the Northerners see the Germ, the Southerners only See-Seed!

Political Joke.

At a recent "Union Meeting," one of the speakers said, that "their Bell would toll the death of Disunion throughout the land." JENKS remarked, that "he thought it was a knell he meant (an element) of discord, rather."

The Beacon Club of Boston have just entered a wonderful shell boat, forty yards long, and weighing only sixty pounds against the Harvard crew. From what we know of Harvard, we think the Boston men will find the race to be another case of Shell Out.

Faring well.

We do not know that our Japanese visitors are especially partial to gunpowder, but one thing we are sure of, and that is that ever since their arrival in the city they have been treated to "Dupont's Best."

"With Neatness and ('happy') Despatch."

In Japan there is not the slightest difficulty in hiring even a prince of the blood for a body servant; all you have to do, is to insult him and he will Let himself Out immediately.

THE TWO GREAT EASTERNS.

SERVANT (*entering*).—Massa Bull sends word, Sah, that the Great Eastern can't come over 'till almost de Fourf of July.
MR. NEW YORK.—Ah! very well! That will suit me exactly! I've a great deal of company to entertain just now.

PUNNING MADE EASY.

EVERY MAN HIS OWN PUNSTER.

(Continued.)

Why are crazy servants the most obliging? If the merit of a problem exists in its difficulty, then is this the best conundrum ever made. When I meet a friend in the street, and, taking him by the arm, lead him up some quiet alley, and ask him this sublime question, he stands before me like the Theban before the Sphinx. It seems to him so absurd that a crazy servant should be more obliging than a sane chambermaid, or a hostler in the full possession of his reason. But herein lies the beauty of the conundrum, that it begins a great reform in house-keeping, and gives the idle lunatic employment. If I had said, why are sane servants the most obliging? My friend would have replied, because they understand what you say to them, and have gone away thinking me a fool. But the Crazy Cook inspires him with reverence. Then I smile with superior wisdom, and leading him out of that quiet alley, remark that when you call them, they come im-idiot-ly. Then, if he should not comprehend, I walk up the street with him, explaining that it is a pun, and going over it several times, till it is perfectly understood.

The general propriety of explanation I question. In the street it may be allowed, but when you publish your pun, do not coarsely append its solution, nor grossly italicise the point. No matter how many sleepless nights it has cost you, do not advertise your pun like a panacea. In like manner in your conversation do not accompany your wit with loud laughter, and slapping on the shoulder, as the vulgar, lest you be likened to an exclamation point at the end of a bad joke—calling attention to a thing of no importance.

The great masters of the Art never descend so low—HOOD, CHARLES LAMB, and MYSELF. We three are examples. The puns of HOOD are scattered through his works like flowers through nature; spontaneously they arise into beauty, and for one that is seen, there are ten that bloom unnoticed. LAMB presents his puns with more attention to effect, and prepares a paragraph with artistic reference to its climax. He lies awake one night and makes a pun about three o'clock, when all else is asleep; the next morning he writes an essay to suit it. HOOD bestows his puns as FORTUNATUS his money, from an inexhaustible and fairy purse; LAMB puns like a benevolent gentleman with a moderate income. HOOD adapts words to his pun; LAMB suits his puns to the language. HOOD is the most grotesque, and his writings resemble a menagerie of wild beasts, beautiful but strange; but the puns of CHARLEY LAMB (who now lends an additional charm to heaven, and is another inducement to be good) melt like honey on the tongue, and hang like pictures in the memory.

LAMB MAKING A PUN, AND HOOD LAUGHING AT IT.

The highest of styles is the suggestive, in which you gracefully glide over the pun, without making it. Thus a beautiful compliment is paid the delicacy of your friend. It has been noticed that the contributors to VANITY FAIR seldom make puns in conversation, and much wonder thereat is expressed by the ignorant. But so profound is their knowledge of language, so exquisite their humor, that indication is enough for appreciation. Beneath the transparent tide of words, sparkles the diamond bed of wit; he would be a coarse companion, who would stoop to point out the shining particles. The VANITY FAIRY takes the pun for granted, and says no more about it. From this reason has arisen the superstition that they are never funny out of business hours, and that after the Banks close, they relapse into the average dullness. This is very improper. And it is unkind too, just because it is a man's business to be funny, to say that his wit smells of the shop.

In what contrast to the delicacy of the true Punster, stands the grossness of the imitator! Impostors who pretend to be punsters abound in society: men who interrupt your conversation with some diabolical parenthesis, or rudely spoil your intended climax, with a bold anticipation of the end. This stealing of puns before th y are made is a kind of abortion. When you meet one of these pretenders you can easily expose him, by using a formula like this:

Fixing your eyes steadfastly upon him, and assuming the look of one not to be trifled with, you say in a loud voice:

"How sweet the moonlight sleeps upon this Bank."

Not being a real punster, he will probably reply:

"Sit, Jessica."

Sneer hideously, and turning to the company, say, "Farmers and and Mechanics." "Butchers and Drovers," "Girard." Then to him suddenly, "Where does HAMLET express a preference for mutton?"

The disconcerted impostor will reply,

"Why really, sir, upon my honor, my dear friend—I don't remember that he says anything about mutton, indeed—I guess it is'nt in the play!"

Regarding him with the aspect of the Eminent Tragedian, you must fiercely quote,

"O, villain, villain, smiling damned villain."

Then changing your voice,

"My tables!" (enter servants bringing in tables.)

"Meat it is." (snuffing up the gravy.)

"Aye, set it down."

"O, O, O yes!" he will cry, "if you go and do that there way—"

"Silence! sir. What is the diff rence between a man with one eye, winning money from a man with no eyes, and that Venetian shutter?"

This gets him; he is mum as a mummy. Triumphantly you turn to the smiling audience, and say, "The difference is, one is winned over a blinder, and the other is blind over a winder." Then severely unto him, "And you pretend to be a punster! *You* who do not know the Infant Joker's Catechism! You who actually cannot answer the simplest, the plainest of questions! The Impostor colors crimson, feels for his hat, and blindly gropes for the door. Then calmly turning to your friends, as if nothing had happened, you go on with your conundrum, and enjoy an intellectual and uninterrupted evening.

There is another infallib'e sign by which these false punsters are detected. They always carry about with them a copy of WEBSTER'S Folio Dictionary, unabridged, to which in conversation they constantly refer. But the true punster is never at a loss for the word, having commited the whole language to memory. In this essay every word is a pun, though you would not believe it, for so profound are the allusions, that no one sees them but myself.

Hurrah!

In the *Herald* of the 9th inst., was the following:

The Senate Judiciary Committee have under consideration the House Polygamy bill, and will amend it in several particulars. *They intend, if possible, to agree upon some measure that will wipe out this festering sore and canker upon the body Politic.*

We had no sooner read this blissful piece of intelligence, than we immediately set about having the VANITY FAIR office fitted up in the most gorgeous manner—even going so far as to purchase a new stool, and a postage stamp, in order to be able to receive the members of this Judiciary Committee in a suitable manner when they come on to New York. Pending the latter event, our Agent in Washington is authorized to ask these gentlemen what they will take to drink.

Singularly Frank Admission.

We find in a respectable, by which we mean a Boston newspaper, the following brief but broadly benignant statement: "NEW-YORK IS ALL RIGHT." Before we settle ourselves to the quiet enjoyment of the blandness and boldness of this courteous admission, we must be sure that the writer did not intend to say: "New-York is all tight," which would be exactly the usual Boston style of compliment.

We are sure of it.

After seeing the "Brigand Gun Dance," so charmingly executed at NIXON'S every night, we are sure that there is no newspaper critic so mercenary as not to give the GALES a Lift without a thought of Raising the Wind by so doing.

COPY OF AN ANTIQUE MANUSCRIPT,

(FOUND IN THE VAULTS OF THE TIMES BUILDING.)

BRUTUS GREELEY TO CÆSAR SEWARD.

1854.

NOW that the contest is over, and you are as usual, the victor,
Permit me to say, gentle sir, I am very much piqued and disgusted;
And, coming at once to the point, in the frankness and truth of my nature,
I assure you, my excellent friend, that I'll have you no longer, confound you!
No! nor MARK ANTONY WEED who's a festive and filthy deceiver.

II.

What! have I toiled so long, and lived on a crust in a garret,
Working for you like a dog, and working for one thousand dollars,
Publishing papers and sich, and talkin' log-cabin and cider,
Doing my best for the Whigs, and howling for you in particular,
And now, when I think of it, now, have I ever received any office?
Ever fed out of the trough wherein you and your fellows have wallowed?
What! have I suffered so much, and been on such an excellent fellow,
Done so much good upon earth, all the while in a seedy condition,
And—must I remember it, sir?—have you ever done aught to reward me?

III.

True that I never asked office! True that I did the Uriah!
(Keep was an excellent man, an humble and godly disciple!)
True that my virtuous bosom has all along throbbed for the masses!
True that I offered myself as a patriot disinterested,
Faithful, long-suffering, meek, and patient with noble endeavor!
True I pretended to work and never wanted anything for it!
But I didn't suppose you so green as to think that I meant it in earnest!!!
I didn't imagine you stupid enough to believe in my whining!

IV.

Do you think I'm a jackass, good sir, do you think I'm an absolute jackass?
Do I wear my white coat in vain, and my very old hat, sir, for nothing?
Is it merely for sport, do you think, that I walk in lugubrious trousers,
Shocking the fashions and things, and all the fine ladies that love me?
Look at my boots, if you please, philanthropical boots of the period!
Think you I'd walk in such boots if I thought they would carry me nowhere?
Think you I'd wear such a hat, were it not to impose on the people,
Or cover this manly figure with garments so very primeval?
Not if I know myself, as I think that I do, BILLY SEWARD:
And if ever you thought that I would, why you've not comprehended your HORACE.
Anyway I assure you at once that I'll have you no longer—confound you!

V.

You have been getting on very well; you have figured in State and in Congress:
Your speeches have sometimes been read, and I hear that you've more or less money;
On your brow is the laurel of fame, in your heart is the sunshine of power,
But you never have offered me place; you have made me the tool of your purpose;
Pretending respect for my cant, and refusing to see through my nonsense;
Giving to HOOKS and to WELLS, to WETMORE, to WEED and to RAYMOND,
Ay, and to legions of others, and all most contemptible people,
Office and riches and power, and all the nice things that they wanted,
And leaving me out in the cold, sir, to long for the loaves and the fishes!

VI.

What if you thought me sincere! Are you blind to the use of temptation?
Why not have tested my virtue, if only to prove me a Spartan?
Ah, you were shrewd, BILLY SEWARD, but HORACE is like to remember.
'Virtue its own reward?'—do you think me a drivelling idiot?

VII.

Well, you have had your day, you have reveled in sunshiny weather;
You have left me to watch and to work, and enjoy my crust and my garret;
But now there's an end of it all. I forgive you, I freely forgive you;
But we sail in the same boat no more, and I caution you look to your rigging,
Have a helmsman who knows how to steer, and a good patent wheel for the purpose,
Lest hereafter you wake some fine day, and find yourself fast in Salt River!
Farewell, BILLY SEWARD, farewell! I am going to travel in Europe;
Going to cool my brain by a bath in Oblivion's waters;
Going in fact to grass—where *you* will go some day or other;
So forget me as soon as you please,—'tis enough that I'm sure to remember!
Enough that we're quits from this time—enough that my name's

HORACE GREELEY.

P. S.

1860.

BRUTUS GREELEY, *(loq.)*

I.

I have nipped him at Chicago,
I have made my SEWARD wail,
I've ordained that Uncle ABRAM
Shall be ridden on the rail.

II.

Did he think that I forgave him?
Did he think I was an ass?
Did he think I'd love my enemies,
And let occasion pass?

III.

If he did he was mistaken,
And I guess he knows it now,
For I nipped him at Chicago,
And I made a precious row.

IV.

I was slow to wrath against him,
When I bore defeat and pain,
But I've waited for him patiently,
And I didn't wait in vain.

V

Now they swear at me, the vipers,
But they swear a good way off,
For they know the gallant GREELEY
At the best of them will scoff.

VI.

And they know he's used to swearing,
(Tho' it's very wrong to swear)
So they curse his seedy garments,
And they blast his yellow hair.

VII.

But little cares the GREELEY
What his enemies may say,

When he knows the grayhound SEWARD
Is a dog that's had his day.

VIII.

Now ye youthful politicians,
Who may read these words of mine,
Do not put your trust in princes,
For they're none of them divine!

IX.

In the truth alone is safety!
'Tis the path I've always trod.
So be sure to love your country,
And to put your trust in God!

X.

Then whatever fate ordaineth,
You'll be sure to get your pay,
And you'll triumph o'er your enemies
As I have done to-day.

H. G.

GERMANTOWN GRAPHICS.

DEAR V. F.—This, being probably the ultimate G. G., is of things multifarious therein. And first of the Bank. The "Bank of Germantown!" This Bank is not an Exchange Office! I'll tell you how I know it. They told a friend of mine so *at* the Bank. This friend of mine received a check from—say from Wilmington. He wanted it cashed. He thought the Germantown Bank (he lives in Germantown) would do it. So he took it there. But they wouldn't. "For," said the Paying Teller, sagaciously, "we are a Bank; we are not an Exchange Office." I think this will give you an idea of the extent to which the "Bank of G." is "visible."

There is also a Post Office in Germantown. It is, however, evidently in the eye of the law, an infant Post Office, not arrived at the age of discretion, inasmuch as Goverment does not trust it with the use of its own name. When you put a letter in the Germantown Post Office, therefore, it (i.e. the letter) goes away postmarked "*Philadelphia.*" It (i.e. the P. O. of G.) is, nevertheless, a moral and religious office; *very* religious! It does not open on Sunday, at any price! The Postmaster's name is WOLF. He is a very respectable man, and I shall take no liberties with his name. I merely mention the fact of its being WOLF. Nothing more!

There are many Sanctuaries in Germantown. And on the usual amicable terms with each other. One congregation, especially, became so singularly unanimous, about a year ago, that one church wouldn't hold its entire outgush of spontaneity. It was forced to "secede" mutually from itself. Now it has a double team of church-and-parson.

There is another thing for which Germantown is remarkable; viz: for not getting VANITY FAIR till two days after its arrival in Philadelphia. I can't explain this to you satisfactorily. But it's a fact! Perhaps it's owing to the "difficulties of transit." Perhaps it travels from Philadelphia to Germantown by passenger railway. Or perhaps Germantown is *not* in Philadelphia, in spite of the Conglomeration Act, but on the contrary quite the reverse. In fact, a long way off. If not further. Or it may be owing to the "Bank"—or the Toll Gate! Or both! It's not on accouut of the *socks!* I'm sure of that. Germantown "*socks*" are all right, I feel confident. The Japanese will not visit Germantown. Not being given to socks with blue legs and white toes, there are no "Institutions" therein to interest them.

If I venture upon a further voyage of discovery in and around Germantown, you shall hear from me; otherwise, consider me, finally, yours, HANS VON PUCK.

A NEW ESSAY ON CRITICISM.

VANITY FAIR, in order to be absolutely well-appointed in all its departments, keeps a Critic, whose sole duty it is to attend to the Severely-Letting-Alone business of this journal. He is under heavy bonds not to read any book whatever; and he knows that any disregard of this part of his contract, would lead to his ignominious expulsion from what he very justly considers to be An Earthly Paradise. Still, we do not object to his doing outside jobs enough for the Sunday papers, to keep him in ANDERSON'S shredded Solace; and we believe we betray no secret, when we say that his relations to MR. ROBERT BONNER are intimate and confidential. He recently noticed in the newspapers the following noticeable "Notice:"

"I should rather have written 'Rutledge' than 'The Mill on the Floss.'—*Author of Beulah.*

This peculiar pattern of puff seemed to strike his fancy with a BENICIA BOY violence. First, he requested somebody to hold him, but nobody did so. Then he called for a pot of XXX, which was immediately furnished from the well-known cellars of CROOK & DUFF. At last like a kind of literary KING COLE, he called for his pipe, and he called for his pen, and in an instant produced the following:

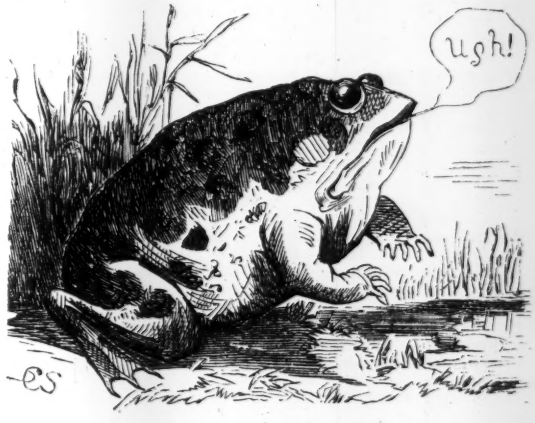
"I should rather have writen 'THE MASK OF MURDER' than 'THE PARSON TURNED PIRATE.'—*Author of* 'The Lunatic of Louisiana;' 'The Fiend of Florida;' 'The Idiot of Iowa;' 'The Memoirs of Madness;' 'Dunderhead the Demoniac;' 'A Dreadful Day in the Deserts of New Jersey;' 'ABE, or the Wretched Rail Splitter,' &c., &c., &c."

We are compelled to admit that, at the moment of constructing this deposition, our Critic was, so to speak, in an Empyrean of Heavy Wet. He assured us, however, over next morning's soda-water, that "BOB" was a trump; and he also exhibited and spent, with the laughing levity of opulence, the sum of two shillings. From whence we may say, in conclusion, that we infer a certain inference, viz: that the M. of M.'s printed in the *Ledger*, and that the P. T. P. isn't.

NATURAL HISTORY.

THE UT DE POITRINE.

Day after day, night after night, is our mighty Cosmopolis extending the frontiers of its Cosmopolitical dominions. As the late M. TALLEYRAND complacently remarked, *tout arrive*—and we should not be in the least surprised if he did; for, even within our own memory, the importation of thrilling productions to our shore must have exceeded the exports by, we should say, at least 107½ per cent. We need not go back further than the wonderful giraffe—that anomalous curiosity the spots of which were daily counted by thousands, although the animal had only thirty-eight in all. While public sensation was yet fertilizing itself upon this phenomenon, some ships arrived bearing a rhinoceros, the application of which to the public mind eradicated the spots of the giraffe from that feature as completely as the most cunning combination of moral sarsaparilla and metaphysical benzine collars could have done. The rhinoceros, in his turn, was wiped out by a woolly horse or licked up by a sea-lion, we forget which: but at any rate, we had a succession of progressive monstrosities, the public mind being hardly relinquished by one interesting phenomenon when it was grasped by another, as if it were a public nose. Just now there is a seizure of the public ear—the seizer being nothing less than the extraordinary Ut de Poitrine now nightly "performed"—as Old ADAMS says of his bears—by Professor MUSIANI in the large building at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place. The Ut de Poitrine is kept by Professor MUSIANI in his private Chest, of which nobody but himself can touch the Key. Notwithstanding its close confinement, it is extremely nimble, and has been known to run up to the top of a gamut in twelve-eight time. Although the Ut de Poitrine is generally considered rare, Professor MUSIANI has had a Score in his possession before now. Better adapted to the higher regions than to the Flats, the Ut de Poitrine, nevertheless, would appear to be uncertain as to habitat. The specimen under consideration, for example, was taken by Professor MUSIANI upon the high C. with the assistance of the useful little contrivance known as a Clap-trap. Although there are many pretty and genuine things in the institution at the corner of Fourteenth Street and Irving Place, we have such implicit confidence in the discrimination of the New York Public as to lead us to suspect that all admiration of them will be postponed until the beautiful and interesting Ut de Poitrine has had a good run.



THE UT DE POITRINE.

INCAUTIOUS MRS. BOBBITS!

"THE SWANS AT THE CENTRAL PARK WILL EAT ANYTHING.—*Vide Daily Papers.*

T IS AN ILL WIND THAT BLOWS NOBODY GOOD.

In a certain large city, which it is needless to mention, there is a great sepulchral-looking building, wherein are imprisoned all lasses of evil-doers. In a little cell opening on to the Murderer's Corridor is an unfortunate man, sentenced to be hung. The crime for which he is about to receive the heaviest penalty the law can nflict is the murder of three of his fellow-sailors while far out at ea. He was tried and condemned by the Federal Court, meantime he U. S. Marshal exercises surveillance over him. The poor man cts, apparently, very foolishly; at times confessing to these and many other heinous crimes; composing verses about them and treating them as mere trifles; then again denying that he ever said r knew anything at all about them. Either he is insane or he is ot. If insane he deserves pity, if not insane it is a pity that he s not.

There is a great Showman, living in this same city, who has gone o the trouble of visiting him in his confinement, for what purpose, do you think? To minister to his wants? to console him, if possible, n his sad position? to say a few kind words concerning his dreadful ate? Oh! no! not at all! These are matters quite out of his line. he Public's Generous Benefactor cannot spare time to talk religion r sentimental trash to a wretch like him. That is not a part of is business. If he would join the Temperance Society of which the great Showman is a shining light, perhaps he *might* drop a few oral maxims for his edification during his short term of existence. t would be appropriate; besides it would serve as another feather n his cap of benevolence. But nothing of the sort has been done. he great Showman is a sharp man. He knows the morbid appetite f his patrons, and he discovered in the Murderer a choice morsel or it. He bribes the half-crazy or heartless wretch, as you choose o consider him, with a handful of cigars to allow a cast of his face o be taken and placed on exhibition in his great Curiosity Shop. he bargain is made and the work done. The Showman advertises is new attraction, and quietly pockets the money earned through fellow-being's fearful sin. He is a nice-spoken man. is this showman, and honorable, too. He pays his debts as they fall due; e prates of the wickedness of intoxication; he provides a Lecture oom for the representation of the Moral Drama, before a few li tle hool boys, a score or so of country visitors and a crowd of depraved omen.

He takes their money and does them no harm, for his establishment is conducted in a moral way. A clergyman need have no hesitation in visiting it. The dangerous women who attend every performance do so out of pure love for the high moral effect they experience from them. The Showman knows no other earthly reason why they should frequent his house. If he could be convinced that they were actuated by base motives, he would, of course, never receive a cent from them; would not admit them under any consideration; nay, would rather close up his Museum at once, and seek a livelihood in some less objectionable way. But the Showman sees nothing of the sort—nothing but his legitimate gains. We hope no other Eye sees differently. But there is more to be said of the wretch locked in the cell that opens on to the Murderer's Corridor. He has a wife—God help her!—and for aught we know, children—God help them, too. In his craziness, or intention to do a kind act for her, he has offered to sell his whole history for ten dollars. He cannot write, but for that sum he promises to dictate a truthful story of his fortunes, misfortunes and crimes. This is, of course, to be published and sold. It will do a deal of good in the world. It will be a warning to the wicked and a lesson to the just. It will prove the great moral truth that punishment always overtakes the guilty. Besides, it will sell beyond calculation. It will put money into the pockets of the writer, the publisher and their agents. It will be honestly obtained. The man wishes to have the thing published; he wants to give his heart-broken wife a paltry ten dollars. It is perfectly fair and honorable. What would be the use of giving him ten dollars, unless a hundred, or a thousand could be made from the outlay? The hand of Providence seems manifest in it. Here is the U. S. Marshal; here is the fettered prisoner. The one is to live and enjoy himself, the other is not. The prisoner makes the offer, the Marshal accepts at once. Money can be made out of it, why not?

What if it does render indelible the ignominy and shame already fallen upon his wife and children? What if his grief-stricken parents are to be agonised still further by the thought that the greatest publicity will be given to their disgrace? Who cares? Not the Marshal. They are not educated people—they are not respectable persons—they are not wealthy folks, why should they feel in the matter at all? The prisoner can do as he likes about it, the Marshal can do as he likes, too—nobody else has any right to do, say, or think anything about it. If any one is to be found fault with, it is the guilty man himself—let him alone take the responsibility. A Marshal is not going to be a Marshal for nothing; he needs money as well as the rest of us. This is fine reasoning, this is consoling talk for some parties. We hope it is all right, but it certainly look very wrong.

222.

BOBBIN-BOY BANKS recently remarked at a feast in Faneuil Hall, that "It was an honor to have a 222nd anniversary to anything in this country." If so, we should like to know why no notice was taken of MR. JAMES BUCHANAN'S last, or two hundred and twenty-second birth-day? We suppose that some attempt will be made to compensate for this neglect, by celebrating for centuries, the anniverary of the 4th of March, which (for J. B.) is so painfully proximate.

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2. (For the use of the asylum for female inebriates) "Hell boasts no fury like a woman corned!"

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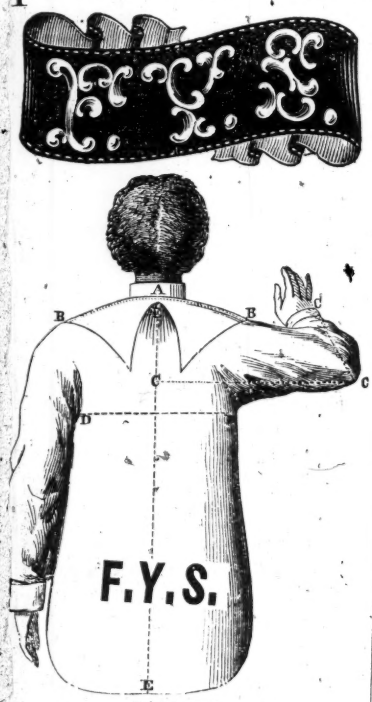

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